

ASSORTED HUMOR

Grace—He said I looked lovely in that gown, didn't he? Helen—Not exactly, dear. He said that gown looked lovely on you.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Suffragette—We believe that a woman should get a man's wages. Married Man—Well, judging from my own experience, she does.—Boston Transcript.

Wigwag—I never knew such a fellow as Bjones; he is always looking for trouble. Henpeck—Then, why doesn't he get married?—Philadelphia Record.

"Heard about Jinks?" "No—what's happened?" "He's quit drinking." "Oh, poor chap! D'd he leave his family well provided for?"—Cleveland Leader.

"Will that young man ever go home?" demanded the irritated head of the house. "I guess so, father," replied the mater familias. "He always has."—Washington Herald.

"Young man," said the boss, "come hither and listen. He approached 'When you've made a mistake, forget it and go on to the next job. Don't putter around all day adding a lot of finishing touches.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SING.

Sing a song of motors,
Whizzing a la mode;
Four and twenty victims
Killed on the road.
When the copper hails him,
he chauffeur speeds his pace;
Isn't that a pretty way
To treat the human race?
—Metropolitan Magazine.



E. A. PYE
Australian Champion, at the Salt Palace

"So Kayuse Charley met his fate at the hands of a posse?" "Yep," answered Three-finger Sam. "What was the trouble?" "He's imfejit difficulty was a lack of judgment as to speed. He helped himself to a horse, but didn't pick one that was fast enough to keep ahead of the party as went after him."—Washington Star.

Showman—I don't know as we can give any kind of a show this afternoon. Assistant—What's the matter? Showman—That fresh kid's been in the cage of the man-eating lion having a romp, and the critter is as playful as a kitten; the farmer we rented the Sacred Cow from India from says the money ain't payin' him for the loss of his milk route, and the Wild Man of Borneo says he's got to have a day of to register and see the police parade.—Baltimore American.

Former Senator Amos J. Cummings of New York was once city editor of the Sun. One Sunday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed next day. Cummings called his star reporter, Murray. "Tom," he said, "go out tomorrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor." It was Thursday when Tom was again at this desk. "They were," he reported.

Anxious Mother—I can not permit you to have such late callers. It was after 11 o'clock when Mr. Huggins left last night. Pretty Daughter—Why, mamma, I don't see how you can class Mr. Huggins as a late caller. It was only seven-thirty when he came.—Chicago News.

"I am going to slap Cousin Denny!"
"For vy you slab your cousin?"
"He is turning his nose up at me!"

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